

PREFACE.

THIS adaptation of Lady Fullerton's "Stormy Life" and scenes from Shakespeare was made for all female characters, as nearly as possible for an interesting representation. To afford scope for children of various ages the opening scenes are given, which may be left off without marring the interest. If a pageant is desired, the *First Supplementary Scene* may be used with or without Scene 1, Act II. Instead of Scene 1, Act V., the *Second Supplementary Scene* may be used, giving more male characters, as in the first, if desirable to use it for a performance with mixed characters.

We deem it almost unnecessary to give description of costumes, as it would scarcely prove practicable. Reference to the period, pictures of costumes, taste and convenience of managers and performers, should govern. If good costumers are convenient, it will be an easy matter; but if not, they will find that pictures and taste will have to guide the amateurs. In boarding-schools, costuming leads to quite an interesting study of the dress and manners of historical personages, and gives opportunity for practical handiwork, educating the judgment and skill.

With the hope that this arrangement of one of the most picturesque episodes of history may be useful to teachers seeking to combine instruction with entertainment, we send forth this fourth effort, at the same time expressing our gratitude to the kind public that has so cordially accepted and appreciated our former endeavors in this line of educational work.

THE URSULINES OF ST. TERESA.

137-139 Henry Street,
New York City.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

CHARACTERS.

MARGARET { 1st as Daughter of King René (10 years).
OF ANJOU, { 2d " " " " " (15 ").
 { 3d " Queen Consort of Henry VI.

HENRY VI. OF ENGLAND.

PRINCE EDWARD, { 1st (10 years).
 { 2d (18 ").

ISABELLA, Mother of Margaret.

YOLANDE, Sister of Margaret.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

ANNE NEVIL, her Daughter.

THEOPHANIE, Maid to Margaret.

MARGARET DE ROOS, companion to Margaret,

ISABELLE BUTLER,

MARY DACRE,

MARY BEAUMONT,

ANNE DE POLE,

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE (Lady Grey),

KATE STRANGE,

OUTLAW.

} Ladies of the Court
of Henry VI.

Courtiers, Soldiers, Pages, Ladies, Children.

CHARACTERS OF SUPPLEMENTARY SCENES.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LOUIS, King of France.

LADY BONA, his Sister.

EARL OF OXFORD.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

Maid, Queen, Mother, and Widow.

ACT I.—PROVENCE.

Scene 1.—A garden birthday *fête*. MARGARET OF ANJOU seated in chair decorated with garlands, THEOPHANIE standing beside her, while children, with bouquets, sing and dance before her; then laying the flowers at MARGARET'S feet, courtesy, saying, "Hail, most beautiful Princess; you are like the angels in heaven." Then they all dance off.

MARGARET: There now, THEOPHANIE, hear what they say: I am like an angel.

THEOPHANIE: But they do not know how naughty my little madame is at home—not at all like an angel; you should try to serve God like your Aunt Marie.

MGT.: But I am too little to serve God.

THEO.: Ah, my little madame! you have an aunt who was called a saint at five years, and received the good God into her heart at that tender age.

MGT.: How old is she now?

THEO.: About twenty-five years old.

MGT.: And has she been good ever since?

THEO.: Yes, more good every day.

MGT.: Then methinks she must be *very* tired (*sighs*), for I am tired if I am good for only *one* day.

THEO.: You must grow good, for I heard your papa,

the good King René, say that you were promised to wed the King of England.

MGT. (*stamping her foot*): I will *not* be the Queen of England.

THEO. (*laughing*): And why not?

MGT.: I hate the English, who burned to death the Maid Joan. I wish I were a prince; for then, when I was tall enough, I should be knighted like my brother, Monsieur Jean, who kept watch by the side of his armor all night at Dijon, though he is only three years older than I am. But as I cannot be a man, I *will* be like Joan, the Maid of Orleans, and ride a fine white horse, and wear the sword of Charlemagne, and be called the Maid of Anjou. Of all the stories I have heard none pleases me so well as that of Joan. I wish Monsieur St. Michael would speak to me as he did to Joan. But Theophanie never leaves me alone in the garden (*shakes her head*). I think that is the reason angels do not talk to me. Theophanie, leave me alone sometimes in the garden; I want the angels to speak to me like they did to Joan.

THEO.: Ah, no, my little madame! that I may not; and I doubt very much if angels would speak to you, my wilful little princess. (MARGARET *stamps, pouts, and turns away as if to run*. THEOPHANIE *laughs and shakes her finger chidingly*.) [Curtain.]

Scene 2.—Naples. After five years. Palace of King René. MARGARET, ISABELLE, YOLANDE, THEOPHANIE; MARGARET and YOLANDE, R. Fr. YOLANDE spinning, MARGARET playing with a doll, ISABELLE embroidering, THEOPHANIE writing or reading.

MGT.: I marvel, sister, that you never read.

YOL.: Sweet daisy, I read my prayers in the Book of Hours.

MGT.: But there are poems and other volumes which you should read.

YOL.: Wherefore?

MGT.: For profit and entertainment.

YOL.: Our governess says that it profits more to say our prayers and to spin than to be a scholar.

MGT.: For my part I am of opinion that it shutteth out one-half of life to refrain from reading. What do you think of all day, as you sit spinning?

YOL.: I have never thought of what I thought about. Pray, of what do you think all day long, you darling, restless Madame Daisy?

MGT.: I heard some one say that I, Margaret, had all my royal father's wit and ingenuity, and all my royal mother's strength of will, and then (*shyly*) all the courtiers say I have beauty; so, since God has given me beauty and wit, I shall use my will to acquire knowledge, which will teach me how to use them. Hi, ho! I have thrown all my playthings away, except this dear old dolly, which I love so dearly and have named Joan after my favorite heroine, and I shall keep it to rule (*kissing it*) until I have a—let me see—a kingdom to rule, for it would please me now to be told I should be a queen.

ISABELLE (*looking up*): Listen to that little Madame Daisy! Yes, Madame Margaret, you may well smile; for I doubt not you deem a crown a becoming ornament for your audacious little head. (*Turning to THEOPHANIE*:) Truly the King of England is so enamored of her picture that he has dispatched an embassy to sue for her hand. Say, Margaret, *will* thou be Queen of England?

MGT. (*runs to ISABELLE and embraces her*): Yea, and of France too, maman.

ISA.: Nay, my "pearl," you are too vain-glorious to claim that title. Come, Yolande, my first-born—come, salute the future Queen of England.

(YOLANDE comes and playfully kneels to MARGARET, kisses her hand, then courtesys backward a few steps, laughing.)

MGT. (*laughs and waves her hand chidingly*): I shall soon have you royally mated.

YOL.: Nay, I am Ferry's betrothed.

ISA. (*seriously embracing MARGARET*): Margaret, my pearl, my daisy, this life is full of trouble, mostly for such as are born nigh unto a throne, which is fraught with many temptations. We may not stand so long as the twinkling of an eye without the keeping of God's grace, and when royal persons offend it is like the falling of the house of which the Gospel saith "Great was the fall thereof."

MGT.: O my mother! O good heart which fears God, and hath no other fear! I would fain be like thee in thy griefs if in thy virtues I may also resemble thee.

(MARGARET clings to her mother, who embraces her with eyes uplifted as if in prayer. YOLANDE and THEOPHANIE, who have during the last dialogue withdrawn to one side, stand looking sadly at MARGARET and ISABELLE. *Music.*)

[*Curtain.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—ENGLAND.

Scene I.—Palace of Henry VI. Ladies MARGARET DE ROOS, ISABELLE BUTLER, MARY DACRE, MARY BEAUMONT, ANNE DE POLE, ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, KATE STRANGE; seated or reclining, some with books, some with embroidery or musical instruments.

L. DE ROOS: Heavens! how the wind doth moan, like a soul in jeopardy (*stopping her ears*); a vessel has been seen not far off the coast which was thought to be the Queen's ship, but that it was not like to come into port to-day, the gale being too strong.

KATE S.: There are folks so unmannerly as to praise this ill-natured weather which keeps our French Queen from landing, for, you know, some of the King's subjects are not well pleased that his Majesty should wed the French King's niece, and so call it a good English breeze.

L. ISA.: For which speech they should be had by the neck.

L. M. BEAU.: Methinks we should say some prayers for her Majesty's safety, for the storm waxeth more fierce.

L. ISA.: Is this the first time you have bethought yourself of praying for the Queen, Mistress Beaumont?

L. DACRE: I forgot to say my prayers this morning; I was so sick with the early rising.

E. WOOD.: I shall die of *ennui* if so we must abide many days, waiting for this "pearl," as the Duke Charles of Orleans styles her Majesty.

L. ISA.: A *costly* "pearl" she doth prove. The King, like the merchant in the Gospel, hath sold all he hath to purchase it. His jewels he hath parted

with, and he will pawn the collar of St. George to raise money for the Queen's journey, the wedding, and the crowning, which are yet to come. I admire that the King being so poor, his subjects should have so much wealth at their disposal. If I were his Majesty I should lay hands on their coffers and impose round taxes on the greasy citizens of London.

L. M. BEAU.: The King would not reign long if he followed your counsel. The saints deliver us from your queenship, Lady Isabelle!

E. WOOD.: To my thinking that is as bad a prayer as any of the King's subjects could frame.

L. ISA. (*drawing herself up scornfully*): There are subjects who could have brought the King a richer dower, if he had wedded one, than this French pearl; and then Maine and Anjou, those fair jewels of his crown, should not have been lost.

L. DACRE: Methinks the new Queen should be very fair, since she has no dower: but, I pray you, is not her father the King of Jerusalem. I ween the pilgrims who go thither are like to take him presents, and so he should be rich. I admire that he gives his daughter no dower, and taketh Maine and Anjou from us, when he hath Jerusalem, which the friar said, in his sermon, is built of gold and precious stones. (*Ladies all laugh merrily.*)

L. ISA.: I faith, Mistress Dacre, I am astonished at your learning and good memory, and I hope you will interpret this praise as charity doth warrant. But if there be any here present not so well informed as yourself, I can tell them that King René hath a better title to the name of Lackland than ever had King John; for he holdeth not one foot of ground in Judea, nor yet in

Naples or Sicily, and even a great part of Lorraine he is left of.

ANNE DE POLE: He is a prince of great parts, and a very sweet poet. The music he composes is so delectable that like it cannot be heard.

M. BEAUMONT: And it is said that a more brave, generous, and pious king can nowhere be found.

(Enter LADY DE SCALES.)

L. DE S.: The Queen hath landed.

ALL: Long live the King! Long live the Queen!

M. BEAUMONT: Now let us don our daisies.

L. ANNE DE POLE: I pray you, lady, tell me, are my dear parents landed also?

L. DE S.: Yes, my dear, it was your own dear father, Lord Suffolk, who carried the Queen in his arms from the boat to the shore, amidst the rough, dashing waves. O ladies! the Queen is indeed a pearl of matchless beauty, a very phantom of delight, and when she set her tiny foot on English ground she raised her head with noble grace, and, smiling on the crowd, did bear herself in such a royal and gracious fashion that all the people shouted "A queen! A queen indeed!"

L. ISA. (*scornfully walking away*): A queen, indeed! What a wife for a king is this, that hath neither lands nor gold; yea, not even a silver penny for her dower, or so much as a gown for her wedding, and must needs be clothed by her good man, like Grisel in Master Chaucer's tales.

L. DE S.: Come, good ladies, don your daisies and your sweetest smiles, and hasten to welcome our Queen.

[Curtain.]

Scene 2.*—Same, after six months. QUEEN MARGARET seated.

Q. MGT. (*rising and stepping forward*): Alone, for one short while to think. So let my thoughts run wild! Yes, I am a queen, the wedded wife of Henry VI. of England. Now it seems to me as if I lived for the first time. My pulse, methinks, beats faster. Words pass more swiftly from my thoughts to my tongue. Oh! I had rather be a queen for one short year than a common princess for half a century (*pausing, meditating*). But oh! I would rather be the King's servant than his toy. I have wed his duties, his interests, his people with himself. The cares of state shall be my pastime.

(*Enter KING HENRY. MARGARET hastens to him, bends the knee and raises his hand to her lips; the King raises and holds her hand.*)

K. HENRY: Methinks, sweet wife, our joint voyage of life to eternity is like to be as happy a one as any on earth.

Q. MGT.: Yes, mutual love and the possession of one of the greatest thrones in the world promise happiness, if it is to be obtained before Paradise is reached.

K. HENRY: I could be happy with thee in any place where I could save my soul and do God's holy will.

Q. MGT.: God's will, sire, is undoubtedly that you should reign happily and firmly in this your fair kingdom. O my very good lord! 'tis well to pray and study; to build holy fanes and learned retreats for common men; but one-half of what you, sire, have already achieved would be sufficient for a life-time. But the

* Or I. Supplementary Scene may be given here.

son of Henry V., the crowned monarch of England and France, can never be satisfied with the praise of churchmen and the love of school-boys.

K. HENRY: Thou wouldst not have the war with France renewed?

Q. MGT.: Not now, sire, when your treasure is exhausted, your council divided; this is not the time to attack—

K. HENRY: Thine uncle and mine, Margaret?

Q. MGT.: Ah, my lord! the dearest bond of kindred must be forgotten where the welfare of your subjects is concerned. Royalty has a special obligation akin to that of which the Gospel speaks when it bids those whom God calls in a special manner to hate father and mother, if need be, for His sake. A king's *sacre* is, like the vow of religion, a solemn consecration. His subjects are his children, his greatness his country's greatness. He shall answer on the day of judgment if in aught he hath been unfaithful to his high commission.

K. HENRY: To God and St. John I have prayed, from the day in Paris when on my brow was placed the kingly crown, that I might fulfil all kingly duties.

Q. MGT.: And yet, sweet King—

K. HENRY: And yet what?

Q. MGT.: O my lord! see you not that your most devoted friends, the Lord Cardinal, good Lord Suffolk, the gallant Somerset, are sacrificed to—

K. HENRY: To whom, Margaret? My favor has constantly been shown to those good lords.

Q. MGT.: Ah! but your grace does not exclude from your council the Duke of Gloucester, their bitter foe and *mine*.

K. HENRY (*startling*): Thine? Hath my uncle dared—?

Q. MGT.: O sire! he yieldeth outwardly homage to your Queen. He weareth the daisy on his breast, but if looks do ever speak what the tongue dareth not to utter, then my Lord of Gloucester's enmity is proved.

K. HENRY: If I thought so. If he shows himself to be thy foe—

Q. MGT.: My lord and husband, I will submit to your guidance, and if your Majesty desires I may obtain his friendship. The reverent care I bear unto my lord made me collect these dangers in the duke. If it be fond, call it a woman's fear; which fear if better reason can supplant, I will subscribe and say I wronged the duke.

(Enter LORD DE ROOS and others. LORD DE ROOS excitedly kneels and raises the KING'S hand to his lips.)

K. HENRY: Go call Gloucester to our presence.

L. DE R.: Lord Suffolk hath e'en now bidden me to say to your gracious Majesty, "Gloucester is dead"—found dead in his bed.

(KING HENRY shudders; raising his eyes: "Lord have mercy upon his soul!" Sinks into a chair and sits as in a stupor.)

Q. MGT.: O would that he had not thus died *(buries her face in her hands; walks to and fro; then suddenly regards the KING anxiously; runs to him)*. My lord, come to the chapel, that we may pray for his poor soul. *(QUEEN takes his hand. KING looks up bewildered, others stand in postures of anxiety and inquiry.)*

[Curtain.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.—ENGLAND.

Scene 1.—A garden of red and white roses. QUEEN MARGARET and LADY DE ROOS meeting, C.

Q. MGT.: Meg, the battle is engaged, the gauntlet is thrown down. Now shall the red rose of royal Lancaster, with the daisy, deck my gowns. (*She gathers red roses and fastens them in her dress.*)

L. DE R.: Madame, for your own sake, for the King's, for God's, throw aside that blood-colored rose. Pluck that fatal flower from thy breast. Let not England see you wear that badge. Is it thus you dally with a danger so great?

Q. MGT.: Since my coming to England I have had to fight, as one might say, in the dark. I have been the object of shameful attacks from the duke's party, and, like one pinioned, could not return the blows. The King is at last convinced. The coast is now clear, and I feel I *am* a queen.

L. DE R.: God send that this course prove safe and prosperous for this country; for men surely will lay it, if otherwise, to your Majesty's charge.

Q. MGT.: I care not what men say, nor do I deny my part. The Duke of York plots as to who shall succeed the King, and without his knowledge devise his crown as they list. They have counted without the Queen, as they shall rue. So, dishonored be the wretch who shall dare to call this flower the badge of any but of Lancaster! It is the rallying sign of every loyal subject. It is the mark by which friends shall be known from foes. It is the flower of those who love the King. I will wear it as I ride through the streets of London. It shall grow on every inch of English

ground; and if not red enough to please their English eyes, let them dye it in the blood of York.

(Exit, waving a red rose.)

L. DE R.: Ah me, the die is cast! As God wills so be it. *(Sits as if asleep. Enter LADY MARY BEAUMONT, KATE STRANGE, and others, gaily.)*

M. BEAU.: What flower love you the best, Mistress Strange?

K. STRANGE: The rose I love.

M. BEAU.: Ay, and now it must be the red rose of Somerset. I saw her Majesty with them on her bosom, and she says it is the badge of Lancaster, and all who love the King must wear it. What say you, ladies all?

ALL: Red roses we will wear.

ANNE DE POLE: We'll wear them, with the daisy, for our Queen. Long live the King and his pearl, Margaret!

(Dance of the roses and daisies.)

[Curtain.]

Scene 2.—Room in Palace. QUEEN MARGARET, sitting in deep thought.

(Enter LADY DE ROOS, anxiously looking at Queen.)

L. DE R. *(kneeling beside Queen)*: Ah, my noble Queen! what do your deeds portend? Wherefore did you drag his Majesty away while you were in hot pursuit, and cause him to desert his troops, to his ruin? The soldiers all deemed you, Queen, as brave as any man in Christendom, when this sudden panic seized you. This has been an evil hap for the house of Lancaster.

Q. MGT. *(raising L. DE R.)*: Ah, Meg! my dearest friend *(motioning her to be seated)*, even you know not

my awful woe. The sins of the father are visited upon the children in my poor husband, my king; but though it is not madness and comes only at intervals, yet the mind is absent, far from this earth—in heaven I sometimes think. I know when the clouds are rising, and I know when they will disperse. At Blackmeath I saw that awful calm was falling like a mist o'er his spirit, so I snatched him away from the wild scene. Now you know my secret, which, since the death of Gloucester and Suffolk, has darkened my young years. I dared not breathe the thought to a living soul till I sought comfort under the seal of confession. I declared it to the Bishop of Winchester. Ah! it was in these moments the queen was absorbed in the wife. My noble Henry! his soul is pure and holy. God strengthen my soul, and grant that I may be his solace and his stay, and act for him against the machinations of his enemies. O Meg! when surrounded thus, and storms are raging within my indignant soul, I steel myself to be calm when in the presence of my poor King. Ah, Meg! there are two Margarets (*rising*) within my soul, one exceedingly loving, one fierce and defiant.

[*Curtain.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.—ENGLAND.

Scene 1.—Palace (after ten years). QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD.

PRINCE EDWARD: Sweet mother, I love King Louis because he wished he had been at the crucifixion with his soldiers, for he would have saved our Lord from the cruel Jews; and I love Sir David, who would fight for us; and I love—

Q. MGT.: And who else lovest thou?

P. ED.: Thee, sweet mother, and my royal father.

Q. MGT.: And who beside?

P. ED.: I love sweet Anne Nevil, who played with me in London.

Q. MGT.: Thy father's son, Edward, may not love any of the Nevils.

P. ED.: Oh! but my father told me once I should love all men; true he did not say the little damsels; maybe I must hate them; but little Anne was very winsome. Ah! here comes my royal father.

(*Enter KING, slowly and sadly. PRINCE runs to him.*)

Q. MGT. (*approaching and laying hand on his shoulder, looks tenderly at KING*): Cheer up your spirits, my liege; our foes are nigh. You promised knighthood to our forward son. Unsheathe your sword and dub him, presently. Edward, kneel down.

K. HENRY: Edward Plantagenet (*touching him with sword; then handing it to him*), arise a knight. Learn this lesson: draw thy sword in right.

P. ED.: My gracious father, by your kingly leave, I'll draw it as heir apparent to the crown, and in that quarrel use it to the death.

(*Enter LADY DE ROOS; hurriedly advancing to KING,*

kneels. *Other ladies, and courtiers and pages enter. The ladies gather around Queen, courtiers around King, pages around Prince.*)

L. DE R.: Sire, I am bidden to say to your Majesty it is urgent that you should be in readiness ; for, with a band of thirty thousand men, comes Warwick, backing York ; and in towns, as they do march along, the crowd proclaims him king, and many fly to him, saying that he was adopted heir by the consent of your Majesty.

Q. MGT.: Henry ! have you disinherited our only son ?

P. ED.: Father, you cannot disinherit me. If you be king, why should I not be your successor ?

K. HENRY: Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me, my son ; the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of York enforced me.

Q. MGT. *Enforced !* Art thou king, and will be forced ?

(KING HENRY *turns sadly and slowly throws himself into a chair, as if bewildered and exhausted ; the QUEEN leads PRINCE EDWARD over to the KING and lays her hand tenderly upon his shoulder.*)

Q. MGT.: God help my poor husband, father of my boy, my king, my liege lord ! He loveth his son not the less that he hath by this act deprived him of the crown. He deems that little circlet a heavy curse and snare for the wearer ; so, working craftily for their own ends on his religious mind, the cunning men have drawn him into their nets and forced his acquiescence ; (*going forward with energy*) but God has given to *me* other thoughts and another heart in this regard ; and albeit poor, unaided, unarmed, a woman not wholly

friendless, I will yet place this boy on the throne, where he shall reign, a fourth Edward, and a more noble one than hath yet ruled the land.

(*All shout, "Long live Edward, Prince of Wales! Long live the red rose, borne by the daisy!"*)

Q. MGT.: Little do they yet know Margaret of Anjou. The Duke of York shall yet madly curse the day he broke a mother's heart. To Scotland I'll go for aid. Farewell inaction, farewell my woman's heart; the Queen I am, and as the Queen shall I act until my son shall be upon his rightful throne.

(*During this the QUEEN takes PRINCE EDWARD by the hand and leads him forward. He looks up confidently to the QUEEN as he draws his sword, and at the close he raises it and looks defiantly at all.*)

[*Curtain.*]

Scene 2.—Road to Scotland. Enter QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD.

P. ED.: Sweet mother, are there any blackberries in this wood? I am so hungry and I am cold (*shivering*).

Q. MGT.: It is not the time of year for blackberries, gentle son. (*Aside:*) O God! help me. Must I be another Hagar? Will it come to pass that I shall see him perish of cold and hunger? Courage, my son!

P. ED.: I am very tired, but I will not shed tears, but take my sword, for a knight should bear all hardships (*takes out his sword and walks bravely forward. Noise like the cry of an animal.*)

Q. MGT.: Hark! what sound is that?

P. ED. (*raising sword*): Do not be affrighted, sweet mother; our Blessed Lady will not let the wild beasts hurt us.

Q. MGT.: O God! hast thou made this child so fair,

so wise, so brave, that he should pass through this world unknown?

P. ED.: Mother, where thinkest thou is my poor father now? (*The QUEEN sits at foot of tree and weeps.*) Be of good cheer, sweet mother; the good Saviour, whom he loves so well, will take care of the King, and methinks he would not be sorry to die and go to heaven (*sits beside the QUEEN*), and I am so weary that I should like to die too (*puts his head on her shoulder; music; rises quickly and stands with sword raised*); but I would not leave thee alone in this dark wood, dear mother Queen.

(*A step is heard. QUEEN rises quickly and stands in front of PRINCE. Enter OUTLAW, flourishing an axe. QUEEN MARGARET approaches him.*)

Q. MGT.: O sir! if you are in quest of booty, we have nothing but our lives to yield, for we have been rifled of all we possess. I suppose it is your custom to shed the blood of travellers; but I am sure you will take pity on us when I tell you who I am. (*OUTLAW looks kindly and lowers axe.*) It is the unfortunate Queen of England, your princess, who hath fallen into your power. O man! if you have any knowledge of God, I beseech you, for the sake of *Him* who for our salvation took our nature upon Himself, to have compassion on my misery. But if you slay me, spare at least my little one; for he is the only son of your King, and the true heir to this realm. Save him, then, I pray you, and make your arm his sanctuary. He is your future King; and it will be a glorious deed to preserve him, one that will efface the memory of all your crimes. O man! win God's grace to-day by succoring an afflicted mother. (*OUTLAW appears moved to tears; lets axe*

drop to the ground, and falls upon his knees. QUEEN leads PRINCE to him, who puts his arm around his neck, while the OUTLAW embraces PRINCE and bends his head.)

I charge you to preserve that innocent royal blood which I consign to your care. Take him and conceal him from those who seek his life; give him a refuge in your obscure hiding-place, and he may one day give you access to his royal home, if by your means he is happily preserved to enjoy the splendor of the crown which of right pertains to him.

OUTLAW (*looking up*): Whither would you go, royal lady?

Q. MGT.: To Scotland.

OUTLAW: That is through the open plain, and dangerous travelling; but come with me, lady. I will die a thousand deaths, I will endure all the tortures that can be inflicted by man, rather than abandon, much less betray, this royal child. But before I rise from my knees, O madame! pardon my offences against the law. Forgive the outlaw and robber, and then he will dare to carry in his arms this noble burden, his innocent Prince.

Q. MGT.: Rise; God knoweth you have all the pardon I can grant, and may He also, for this good deed, forgive you *all* your sins!

(Takes the PRINCE by the hand and points off in the opposite direction from whence he came.)

[*Curtain.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.—FRANCE.

*Scene 1.**—Palace of the King of France. QUEEN MARGARET, LADY DE ROOS, and others.

Q. MGT.: O Meg! King Louis, my royal cousin, has asked me to pardon Warwick! Was this to be added to all the rest? No, no—a thousand times no! I cannot pardon that man, the author of all my woes, the persecutor of my husband, the traducer of my fame. Let him return to me all my friends he hath slain; let youth, joy, and love be mine again, which he drove from me before I was eighteen years, and then maybe I can forgive him. Let him not approach. I could not bear the sight of him.

(Enter messenger with a letter.)

Q. MGT. (*opens*): From my royal father. What says he? (*Reads* :) “Beware, my daughter, if, after having saved all by your noble firmness, you lose all by your wilful obstinacy” (*lets letter fall and covers face*).

(Enter COUNTESS OF WARWICK and ANNE NEVIL, after PRINCE EDWARD.)

COUNTESS OF WARWICK (*kneeling*): I beseech your pardon, noble Queen, for my Lord Warwick. He bids me say for him: “Madame, I unthroned you and your lord, the King; but I have been the means of upsetting your enemy; and would have you know that for time to come I will be as much his foe as I have heretofore been his friend and maker. So take me, noble lady, so repute me. Forgive all I have done against you. I offer myself, and I will bind myself in all manner of ways to be your faithful subject from this time forward, and a true liegeman to your son. I will

* Or II. Supplementary Scene.

set the King of France for my surety." Madame, pronounce his sentence.

Q. MGT. (*sternly*): Has he unsaid all?

C. OF W.: Yea, not with lips alone, but with his heart also.

Q. MGT.: You hear it, ye English, ye French—the Earl of Warwick *confesses* that wittingly, maliciously, and falsely he charged me with foul crimes! Before God and before you he owns to have been a slanderer. (*Pauses, absorbed in thought; then raising her eyes, as if in prayer, lays her hand upon the COUNTESS and raises her.*) Say to Lord Warwick: "Margaret of Anjou, wife and Queen to Henry of England, forgives you."

C. OF W. (*quickly kneels and kisses QUEEN'S hand; then leads ANNE to QUEEN, who kneels, etc.*): Your Majesty, I ween, hath to pardon us all but this little girl, who never swerved from her allegiance to King Henry.

Q. MGT. (*raises ANNE*): Lady Anne, I could have guessed you had always been loyal. I read it in your eyes.

L. ANNE: Madame, this is the most happy day I have known.

Q. MGT.: God give you many happy days to come.

P. ED. (*coming forward, takes ANNE by the hand, and they both kneel to QUEEN*): Sweet mother and Queen, by your royalty of heart, by all you endured and achieved, add one more boon to that already given and bless our union.

Q. MGT. (*starts in surprise*): Edward! lovest thou Lord Warwick's daughter?

P. ED.: More than my life. O mother! my life may haply be a short one; let it be a happy one whilst it lasts.

Q. MGT.: Yea, in Edward and Anne let enmity die. She shall not be branded like me as a Frenchwoman, nor mistrusted by reason of a foreign accent. I thank God for it. (*Aside:*) Ah, my Lord Warwick, how marvellous a trick fortune hath played us, that you should love my son and I affection your daughter! Who shall disbelieve any change on earth to be possible, who hath witnessed this?

(*Enter messenger; gives LORD DE ROOS a letter for the Queen.*)

L. DE R. (*handing letter*): Tidings from England! All repeat "Tidings from England!"

(*The PRINCE crosses to QUEEN ANNE and COUNTESS.*)

Q. MGT.: God be praised! (*To Countess*): Madame, your lord hath redeemed his pledge. The King is free and in his palace.

C. OF W.: Say, then, madame, "God bless Warwick!"

Q. MGT. (*looking at ANNE*): Yea, God bless Anne's father!

(*ANNE runs to QUEEN, who embraces her; EDWARD raises the QUEEN'S hand to his lips.*) Haste now, my son, to your royal father, from whom you have been so long parted. Lord Warwick will protect and succor you. Say to him that our progress shall not be long delayed.

P. ED.: I go, my queen, sweet mother. God grant we meet in joy to part no more!

(*Kneels to QUEEN, who places hand on his head.*)

ANNE puts arm around the QUEEN. COUNTESS stands beside the PRINCE, with hand on his shoulder. Others in groups.)

[*Curtain.*]

Scene 2.—Palace. England. QUEEN MARGARET, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, LADY ANNE, YOLANDE, LADY DE ROOS, and other ladies.

Q. MGT. (*embracing ANNE with right arm, extends left to COUNTESS*): Warwick dead! God have mercy on you, Lady Warwick, and you (*to ANNE*), my daughter! Who could have forecast your lord would have perished in our quarrel. I pray Him repose for his soul. "Victory or death"—I have often uttered those words. Methinks I knew not what they meant. Warwick used them when he left me. Oh! it has always been death and never victory for the friends of Lancaster. And now again the King is in durance vile, and O my son Edward, my Prince! how my woman's heart doth quail, its courage gone (*sits dejectedly while the COUNTESS and ANNE cling to her, weeping*).

(LADY MARGARET DE ROOS and YOLANDE come forward.)

YOLANDE: What tidings, Lady Margaret? Is aught known?

L. MGT. (*looking anxiously at QUEEN and speaking low*): Yes, yes, the worst! The Prince is dead—slain at the hands of Edward Plantagenet, the Duke of York and would-be king.

Q. MGT. (*starts up*): What is it, Meg? What said you, then? The heart unstrung by sorrow hears without the ear. I heard—nay, felt what you said. My boy, my prince, is *dead*! Dead by the hand of Plantagenet! Murder!—what's worse than murder, that I may *name* it? No, no; my heart will burst an if I speak; and I *will* speak, that so my heart *may* burst. Edward Plantagenet! the blood of my son be upon thee and thy

children ! So come to thee and thine as to this prince —my son, my king ! But no ; I am mad ! (*To LADY DE ROOS :*) It is not possible my son is dead ; it must be that *other* Edward. There is no one on earth so cruel that he could have harmed him so. The sons of kings perish not thus. They always detested me ; they said it but to torture me ! Tell them to *unsay* it, and I will unsay my curse. I will pray for the Yorkists. I will resign the crown and return to France. Let me go to my husband ; let me share his prison ! (*she paces wildly to and fro ; ANNE clings to the COUNTESS.*)

(*Enter KATE STRANGE ; LADY DE ROOSE meets her.*)

K. S. (*aside*): Lady Margaret, deal with the Queen your mistress that she look not out of the casement at any time this morn, lest a ghastly sight should meet her eyes.

L. DE R.: O Heaven ! what have they done ?

K. S. (*whispers*): Slain King Henry ! May Heaven give them time for repentance who laid sacrilegious hands upon the Lord's anointed !

L. DE R.: Say, how came it to pass ?

K. S.: The Duke of Gloucester came at midnight to the prison, and asked if King Henry had been informed of his son's death. When he was answered nay, "Then," quoth he, "we shall see if the saintly fool will bless God, like Job, when he finds himself stripped of all." So saying he entered the chamber wherein the holy King was at his prayers.

L. DE R.: He killed him, then ?

K. S.: Yea, and came out wiping his dagger as though he had but killed a deer. Ah ! he that killed King Henry, killed a saint. Ah ! even now I hear the gates open.

(Noise outside. The QUEEN, startled, runs to the window before they can detain her; she starts back in horror, and covers her face with her hands; then turns and, raising her arms, falls forward; is caught by LADY DE ROOS and COUNTESS. All gather around her. Music. Suddenly the QUEEN starts and breaks from the crowd, takes off crown and jewels, and flings them from her.

Q. MGT.: Now I am no more queen, but Margaret of Anjou, the childless widow. God gave and God hath taken away. The last great battle has been fought in my poor sinful soul. (LADY DE ROOS approaches and holds a crucifix before the QUEEN, who takes it and kisses it.) And He has conquered, and through Him Margaret, the widow and reft mother, shall yet be conqueror. (Holds up crucifix exultingly, while the others form appropriate groups around the QUEEN in centre.)

(Music, solemn yet exulting.)

FINALE.

[Curtain.]

SUPPLEMENTARY SCENES

I.*

Act II., Scene 2.—England. Palace at London. KING HENRY VI., GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, C. All the Maids of Honor on R. QUEEN MARGARET, SUFFOLK, LADY SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and YOLANDE, L.

LORD SUFFOLK (*advancing to KING, kneeling, etc.*): As by your high imperial Majesty I had in charge, at my departure from France, to marry for your grace the Princess Margaret, I have performed my task, and humbly now, upon my bended knee,

In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title to the Queen
To your most gracious hands,
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave;
The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING: Suffolk, arise (*extending both hands to QUEEN, who is led towards him by LADY SUFFOLK*). Welcome, Queen Margaret; I can express no kinder, no more tender sign of love than this (*a page approaches with the crown on a velvet cushion. The KING takes the crown; QUEEN MARGARET kneels; he places it upon her head, raises her and kisses her hand*).

O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN: Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, my sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And overjoy of heart doth minister.

KING: Such is the fulness of my heart's content,
I wish, my lords, one and all
With cheerful voice to welcome my wife, my queen.

ALL (*kneeling*): Welcome! Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

* May be used Scene 2, Act II.

QUEEN: We thank you all. (*Music, trumpets.*)

SUFFOLK (*to GLOUCESTER*): My lord protector, so it please
Your grace, here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French King, Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

KING (*taking document, reads; then hands to GLOUCESTER,
who reads, then frowns*):

They please us well.

Lord Marquess, kneel;

We here create thee first Duke of Suffolk, and gird thee with
the sword (*gives sword*).

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France till the term of months
Be full expired.

We thank you all for this great favor done

In entertainment of my queenly Consort.

Come, let us with all speed rejoice in song and dance,

To see her happy coronation.

*(A chorus may be sung, during which the KING leads the
QUEEN to the throne, on which both sit during the
dance after chorus. During the singing GLOUCESTER
goes to side, turns his back to the throne, looking over
his shoulder scowling, then drops his head. While the
dance is forming, YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK
meet at opposite side, and seem to be in angry conversa-
tion. After the dance the KING and QUEEN converse;
the others group as in conversation. GLOUCESTER comes
to the front centre, addressing YORK and SALISBURY,
who advance to meet him. The QUEEN glances at them
awhile anxiously; then looks at KING.)*

GLOUCESTER: Brave peers of England, pillars of the state!

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

His valor, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, brave York, Salisbury, and Warwick,

Received deep scars in France and Normandy,

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in council-house
 Early and late, debating to and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And had his highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris in spite of foes ?
 And shall these labors and these honors die ?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war and all our counsel die ?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league !
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquered France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

SALISBURY: These counties, Anjou and Maine, were the keys
 of Normandy.

But wherefore Warwick's grief ?

WARWICK: That they are past recovery ;
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both—
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer ;
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Delivered up again with peaceful words.

YORK: Ay, France should have torn and rent my very heart
 Before I would have yielded to this league ;
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives ;
 And our King Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her who gives no vantages.

(After this speech MARGARET seems uneasy. The KING gives signal by rising and taking the QUEEN'S hand ; a march is played, and all go off R. in procession, followed by the KING and QUEEN, leaving GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SALISBURY, and YORK, who stand L., as if still conversing, until all are off.)

GLOUCESTER: A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That Suffolk should command a whole fifteenth
 For costs and charges in transporting her !

She should have stayed in France, and starved in France (*turns in disgust*).

YORK: Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Give me leave to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title
To the crown of England.

SALISBURY: My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WARWICK: Dear York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

YORK: Then thus: Edward the Third had seven sons.
The first, Edward, the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom
John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward Third's death, reigned as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crowned by the name of Henry Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
And sent him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

WARWICK: Father, the duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK: Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The son of the next should have reigned.
Anne, my mother, daughter of the Duke of Clarence,
By her I claim the kingdom.

WARWICK: What plain proceedings!

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third;
Till Lionel's heirs shall fail, his should not reign;
They fail not yet, but flourish in thee, fair York, and Edward,
his son.

Then, father, Salisbury, kneel we together,

And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.

BOTH: Long live our sovereign, Richard, England's King!

YORK: We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crowned, and that my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.

WARWICK: My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK: And Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but her king.

WARWICK: I love no colors; and without all color
Of base, insinuating flattery

I pluck the white rose with Plantagenet (*plucks a rose from
a bush or vase*). [Curtain.]

II. SUPPLEMENTARY SCENE.*

Scene.—France. The King's Palace. KING LOUIS (*sitting*), L.
BONA to right, BOURBON to left. As QUEEN MARGARET
enters KING rises, comes forward to greet her.
(*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, EARL OF
OXFORD.)

KING: Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis doth sit.

QUEEN: No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's Queen in former golden days;
But now mischance has trod my title down,
And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

KING: Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

QUEEN: From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

KING: What e'er it be, be thou still like thyself
And sit thou by our side (*seats her by him*): yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

* May be used instead of Scene 1, Act V.

Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
 It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

QUEEN: Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
 And give my tongue-tied sorrow leave to speak.
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 Is of a king become a banished man,
 And forced to live in Scotland, forlorn;
 While Edward, Duke of York,
 Usurps the regal title and the seat
 Of England's true anointed lawful king.
 This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
 And if thou fail us, all my hope is done;
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
 Our people and our peers are both misled,
 Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

KING: Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

QUEEN: The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

KING: The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

QUEEN: Oh! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow;
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

(*Enter WARWICK.*)

KING: What's he that approacheth boldly to our presence?

QUEEN: Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

KING: We'come, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

QUEEN (*rises*): Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WARWICK: From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come in kindness and unfeigned love:
 First to do greetings to thy royal person,
 And then to crave a league of amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's King in lawful marriage.

QUEEN (*aside*): If that go forward Henry's hope is done.

WARWICK (*to BONA*): And gracious madam, in our king's behalf
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

QUEEN: King Louis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonor;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heaven is just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WARWICK: Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE: And why not Queen?

WARWICK: Because thy father, Henry, did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

OXFORD: Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain; and so
From these our Henry lineally descends.

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege
And not betray thy treason with a blush?

WARWICK: Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward king.

OXFORD: Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother was done to death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WARWICK: And I the house of York.

KING: Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick (*they stand apart*).

QUEEN (*aside*): Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

KING: Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WARWICK: Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

KING: But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WARWICK: The more that Henry was unfortunate.

KING: Then further, all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love unto our sister Bona.

WARWICK: Such, it seems

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant,

Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

KING: Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve;

Your grant or your denial shall be mine.

(*To WARWICK*): Yet I confess that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness

That Bona shall be wife to the English King.

P. ED.: To Edward, but not to the English king.

QUEEN: Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit.

Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

KING: And still is friend to him and Margaret.

But if your title to the crown be weak,

Then 'tis but reason that I be released.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand

That your estate requires and mine can yield.

WARWICK: Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,

Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;

And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

QUEEN: Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
 I will not hence until my talk and tears,
 Both full of truth, make King Louis behold
 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love.
 For both of you are birds of the self-same feather.

[POST. *blows horn within.*]

KING: Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

(*Enter POSTILION or a page.*)

POST. (*to* WARWICK): My lord ambassador, these letters are for you—

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.

(*To* LOUIS): These from our King unto your Majesty.

(*To* MARGARET): And, madam, these for you from whom I know not. (*All read letters.*)

OXFORD: I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE: Now, mark how Louis stamps as he were nettled.
 I hope all's for the best.

KING: Warwick, what is thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

QUEEN: Mine such as fills my heart with unhopèd-for joys.

WARWICK: Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING: What! has your King married the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

QUEEN: This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

WARWICK: King Louis, I here protest in sight of Heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

That I am clear of this misdeed of Edward's—

No more my king, for he dishonors me,

But most himself, if he could see the shame.

I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor;

I will revenge this wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN: Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

WARWICK: So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

LADY BONA: Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

My quarrel and this English Queen's are one.

WARWICK: And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

KING: And mine with hers, and thine and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

QUEEN: Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

KING: Warwick, thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle;

And as occasion serves, this noble queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet ere thou go answer me one doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WARWICK: This shall assure my constant loyalty:

That, if our Queen and this young Prince agree,

I'll join my eldest daughter, and my joy,

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

QUEEN: Yes, I agree and thank you for your motion;

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;

Therefore, delay not; give thy hand to Warwick,

And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE: Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand (*gives hand to*
WARWICK).

WARWICK: I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe.

I was the chief that raised him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again.

DRAMAS

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I have given the arrangement of your "Joan of Arc" story a careful examination for its literary and dramatic form, and find it admirably adapted for its purpose. The opportunities for dramatic effects and situations here are excellent. It is full of good work, and one of its great merits, in addition to genuine literary flavor, is its brevity. The subject tempts to so much greater fulness.

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TARBORO, N. C.

The Ursulines of St. Teresa's, N. Y.

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Yours truly,

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Tarboro Female Academy, Tarboro, N. C.

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brings her before us in most happy situations, showing us a character thoroughly womanly, ever remaining so even when raised by Providence above the ordinary sphere of woman. The Sisters are to be commended for their selection in making "Joan of Arc" a study, and their efforts in the presentation deserve encouragement. The action is interesting, the characters well disposed, the dialogue skilfully arranged.—*The Sunday Democrat*, N. Y.

Venerable Sisters of St. Teresa's Ursuline Convent, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS: The drama of St. Ursula prepared by you is much admired by our Sisters, and is being prepared by a class in one of our schools.

We are, affectionately in the Sacred Heart,

URSULINE SISTERS,

Ursuline Convent of Holy Name of Jesus.

Youngstown, O., May 30, 1895.

DEAR SISTERS: "Ursula" is beautiful and suits as well as "Joan"; in fact, the girls think that it will be even more beautiful. Delighted to hear you are writing more plays. Please send me a copy of each as soon as completed. Historical plays are calculated to instruct. Your plays are so pure; nothing but what ennobles and leads the mind to contemplate holy and divine things.

I am, yours truly,

MRS. D. G. GILLESPIE,
Female Academy, Tarboro, N. C.

The beautiful story of St. Ursula has been dramatized by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's, N. Y., and it will doubtless find favor with convent and church societies in need of suitable plays for entertainments. The drama is strong and effective, and with proper training cannot but please and instruct. Well-portrayed characters tell the beautiful legend of the Princess Ursula and her maiden attendants with all its charm.—*The Ave Maria*.

"Ursula of Brittany" is an admirable little drama, suitable for schools, just published by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's, N. Y. A judicious selection of passages from standard authors in appropriate places lends to the famous legend the dignity of a fine mosaic. To judge from the reading of the piece it ought to make a splendid and impressive stage spectacle.—*Catholic World*, January, 1895.

"Ursula of Brittany," a school play for boys and girls, or girls only, seems a very pretty play, well arranged for stage effect, and written in language simple and faultless.—*Catholic Reading Circle Review*.

"Phantom Queens," by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's Academy, New York City, is the winning title of a charming as well as instructive little drama, suitable for school entertainments, etc. Fourteen characters are introduced, and the lesson taught is that "uneasy is the head that wears a crown."—*The Ave Maria*.

PLAYS BY URSULINE NUNS.—"Phantom Queens; or, Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown," is the third of an admirable series of plays arranged and published by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's, New York City. These plays are primarily intended for girls' schools, but may be used for parlor entertainments and mixed characters. The success of the preceding dramas, "Ursula of Brittany" and "Joan of Arc," encouraged the nuns to

"Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature." Compiled by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's, New York City. (*In preparation.*)

prepare the "Phantom Queens," which will undoubtedly prove as popular as its predecessors. The arrangement of the dramatic action is very clever, the dialogue in which the queens engage being in the main excerpts from Shakspeare's historical plays. The aim of the nuns seems to be to familiarize pupils with the best in English literature, and by the clever device adopted in this and preceding plays the interest of the players and auditors is sustained from beginning to end.

The Ursuline Sisters have in press a work designed as a supplementary reader, consisting of biographical sketches of the most noted Catholic women writers of America, with selections in prose and verse from the writings of the same. They have selected for this interesting work a pretty title: "Immortelles of Catholic Columbian Literature." Its advent is awaited with interest.—*Catholic News, New York City.*

"PHANTOM QUEENS," prepared by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's, New York, as a commencement exercise is a very ingenious little plan of entertainment. A dreaming girl sees various Shakspearean queens, who appear and recite speeches compiled from the plays. The number of characters may be large or small, as one pleases, and the scheme is an agreeable variation on the well-worn "Dream of Fair Women" and "Palace of Art," besides giving better opportunities for elocutionary display.—*Boston Pilot.*

The Ursuline Nuns of St. Teresa's Academy, New York City, have in press a charming book of literary selections, suitable for girls' schools, entitled "Immortelles of Columbian Literature." The selections, entirely from the writings of women, are made with great judgment, and are thoroughly representative. The biographical notes, etc., will enhance the value of the book, which will, we doubt not, have a large circulation. The same religious have done another service to our Catholic teachers in preparing a pretty little drama, suitable for presentation in girls' schools, entitled "Phantom Queens."—*Boston Pilot.*

URSULINE CONVENT,
GALVESTON, TEXAS,
March 14, 1896.

HONORED MOTHER: Many thanks for the copy of "Ursula of Brittany" just received. I have not had time to examine it, but your "Joan of Arc," which we gave at our Commencement last June, was received with such favor that I am quite sure "St. Ursula" will prove a success. Kindly send me a copy of your "Phantom Queens." May our good God continue to bless and prosper your undertakings for His greater glory and the great cause of Christian education, is the earnest prayer of

Your humble Sister in Corde Jesu,
MOTHER M. JOSEPH, O. S. U.,
Superior.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
AUBURN, N. Y.,
April 1, 1896.

To the Rev. Mother Superior of the Ursuline Nuns, Henry St., New York.

MY DEAR REV. MOTHER: I take great pleasure in sending the postage for your beautiful Dramas, which I assure you supply a long-felt want. Historical Dramas are, to my mind, the need of the day. How delightful to know that these beautifully arranged dramas are the work of our Sisters in Christ. . . .

April 13, 1896.

Enclosed please to find postal note for \$2.00 to pay for ten (10) copies of your beautiful Drama, "Ursula of Brittany." I hope our presentation

will meet with the approval of your glorious Patron, and a blessing from our divine Lord, that the work may tend to His own greater glory.

Your Sister in Christ,

SR. M. DE SALES.

NATIVITY CONVENT,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MOTHER: The play of "Phantom Queens" has taken my fancy; it is out of the ordinary. The individual parts suit admirably, as I find it difficult to get the girls together for rehearsal. Most of them teaching, the evening is their only free time. Wishing you every success,

I am sincerely yours,

SR. M. BASIL.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY,
BAY VIEW, PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
May 10, 1896.

DEAR REV. MOTHER: The drama "Phantom Queens" deserves all the favorable comments made by the "newspapers," and I hope God will continue to bless your good work. Wishing you every success,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

SR. M. BERNARD.

CONVENT OF GOOD SHEPHERD,
CHICAGO, ILL.

VERY DEAR SISTER: We had "Ursula of Brittany" repeated for our Mother Visitor and Provincial, and they admired it very, very much; I think it about the prettiest play we have ever had.

Very sincerely yours,

SR. M. JOSEPHINE, R.G.S.

NEW YORK,
May 18, 1896.

DEAR SISTERS: I wish you could have seen how beautifully your "fantasy," the "Phantom Queens," was received at Chickering Hall last evening. The pupils did their very best and showed a high order of excellence.

With congratulations, I am very sincerely yours,

STELLA KING,

Teacher of Literature, Elocution, and Physical Culture.

In preparation: "TERRA-VITA," a mythological melologue based on the story of Proserpina, with excerpts from Thomson's "Seasons," Schiller, De Vere, and Longfellow. Also, Drama of Episodes of the Civil War, entitled "FROM SHADE TO LIGHT."

Address: MOTHER SUPERIOR, URSULINE CONVENT OF ST. TERESA, 137-139 HENRY STREET, NEW YORK.